

BABYLON  
BLAZOND,  
OR, THE  
JESUIT  
JERK'D:

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A Satyr.

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*Tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saevior ulla  
Pestis & ira Dei Stygius sese extulit undis.  
Virgil. Aenead. Lib. 3.*

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L O N D O N,

Printed for William Leach, at the Crown in Cornhil, MDCLXXXI.

BABYLON

BLAZOND

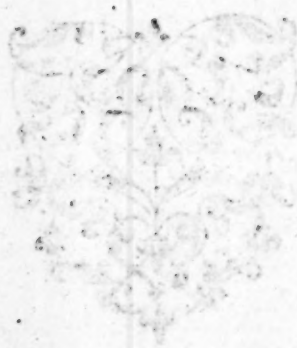
OR THE

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Printed for the Author, at the Crown in Court, MDCCLXXI.



LONDON

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One of the  
Furies of Hell.  
Ovid.

**A**scend, *Alecto*, from thy Den, and come  
 Just as thou look'st in that Infernal Home,  
 Fell Fury fire my Fancy, for I have  
 More Cause than Poet e're had yet, to Rave:  
 Thou art my Muse, thy Snakes my Lawrels are,  
 Inspir'd by thee, I'll *Rome's* Intrigues declare:  
 Then to thy intermitted Task retire,  
 And pay the *Jesuits* their *Arrears of Fire*,  
 A Jesuit old *Satan's* Envoy is,  
 Sent to succeed the Snake of Paradise;  
 For when the fatal stroke of *Adam's* Loss,  
 Was healed by the Great *Theanthropos*,  
 And that first Argument of hellish Power,  
 Was quite Confuted by a Saviour;  
 Then baffled *Lucifer* no answer had,  
 Till he a Jesuit his Rejoynder made,  
 By whom he hopes compleatly to renew  
 The Battle, and once more Mankind undo;  
 Plotting his old Dominion to make good  
 By false Implicit Faith, or Fire and Blood:  
 That catches Fools, and these destroy the Wife,  
 Thus all Mankind are equally his Prize.  
 'Shut your Eyes close, believe me, and you'll see,  
 'Th' Ignatian cries the way t' Eternity:  
 'Deny all Reason, misbelieve your Sense,  
 'Church cannot erre, be that your Confidence:  
 'Pin on your Sleeve your Faith, and tho' you'r blind,  
 'Take but fast hold, and follow us behind;  
 'Our open Eyes the way for both will find.  
 This Wine and Wafer now are common Food,  
 But a few words shall make 'em Flesh and Blood;  
 And though they still the self same things appear,  
 Yet is Christs very Blood and Body here:  
 Such plain Impostures, such bold Cheats as these,  
 Can surely none but Fools or Madmen please.

The



The Snake of Paradiſe play'd fairer far  
 With *Adam's* Wife, and more upon the ſquare;  
 He call'd an Apple, Apple, bid her ſee  
 How fair the Fruit, deſirable the Tree:  
 The Jeſuit's tricks would ne're have ta'ne with *Eve*,  
 She ſaw and felt before ſhe did believe:  
 Beſides he told her that 'twould make her wiſe,  
 But theſe the groſſeſt Ignorance adviſe.  
 And thus we loſe our ſelves b' a greater cheat,  
 Than what the Devil us'd in *Eve's* Deſeat:  
 Thus we our Senſe and Reaſon lay aſide,  
 To take an old Ambitious Pope for Guide.  
 Thus we turn Stocks and Ideots, and then  
 Become good Cath'licks, ceaſing to be men;  
 As if the only way to ſave our Souls,  
 Were to be eaſie Slaves, or ſenſeleſs Fools.  
 To all this fond Credulity we're hurld,  
 By ſlaviſh Fears about a burning World;  
 So (to be ſure) to feel no torment there,  
 Firſt ſtrip our ſelves of all our Senſes here.  
 Now my *Aleſto*, let's advance and view  
 The frauds that lurk under Religious ſhew;  
 For though to Heav'n their fair pretences ſwell,  
 The root lies deep and dark, as is thy Cell:  
 No Heathen Lawgiver, no Pagan Priest,  
 Could er'e with ſuch myſterious Wiles infeſt  
 The ſuperſtitious Multitude, for they  
 Are ſtill moſt apt to fear they know not why;  
 No Cabaliſt of State could er'e trapan  
 With ſuch firm ſubtlety as *Rome's* Divan.  
 And Firſt, leſt Holy Church ſhould chance to float  
 Without a laſt Appeal in endleſs doubt;  
 You muſt with dumb Obedience ſtill repair }  
 Unto *Rome's* holy Apoſtolick Chair, }  
 That, that's Infallible and cannot erre }  
 This bold Aſſumption keeps more in awe,  
 Than *Numa* with his feign'd *Egeria*;

*An Emperor of  
 Rome, and a pre-  
 tended Goddeſs.  
 Lucius Flor.*

For

For though it seems at points of Faith to aim;  
 'Tis to be uncontrollably Supreme,  
 Get universal Defence, and Create  
 A close dependance on the Roman Seat:  
 Branding on all damnable Heresie,  
 That dare oppose the Apostolick See,  
 Or *Rome's* Political Divinity.  
*Rome's* Doctrine is a secular Device,  
 Mere trick of State in rev'rend Disguise,  
 Th' ambitious Spawn of latter Centuries.  
 And tho' it proudly boast an ancient Line  
 From *Peter*, 'tis of basest Origine;  
 A Priestly Brat, by them Ingendred on  
 Ignorance, Fear, and Superstition;  
 These three completely make the Triple Crown,  
 And still support old *Rome's* Imperial Throne.  
 How slyly do the Priests by help of these  
 Make men believe, and then do what they please;  
 How solemnly they dazle vulgar Eyes  
 With fine mysterious holy Vanities:  
 Whose Ceremonious Pomp strikes awful dread  
 In fools that by their Eyes and Ears are led;  
 But should I here endeavour to declare  
 The num'rous Gimmicks of the Romish Fair,  
 Their mystick Idols, consecrated Bawbles,  
 Feign'd Miracles, and monstrous holy Fables;  
 How dead Saints Relicks cure the Gout and Pitsick,  
 And are like *Egypt's Mummy*, us'd for Physick;  
 How they can scare the Devil with a stench,  
 As young *Tobias* did to get the Wench.  
 In telling this I might as tedious be,  
 As the return of their next Jubilee;  
 But these are petty Trifles, pretty Toys,  
 Tricks to catch Women, gaping Fools, and Boys;  
 They have devices of a larger Size,  
 Traps to ensnare the Wary and the Wise.

And if you chance to boggle at the Bait,  
 They curse, and cry Damnation be your Fate,  
 And then you swallow it at any rate.  
 Oh! what a melancholy dismal Story  
 They roar in dying Ears of Purgatory;  
 That rather than the affrighted Wretch will burn  
 So long, he'll all his Gold to Masses turn.  
 Thus Ecclesiastick Chymists (you'd admire)  
 Make real Gold by a fictitious Fire.  
 Next extreme **Uction** comes from whence the Priest  
 Gets the most good by greasing in the Filt;  
 But of all Cheats that necessary are  
 Unto Salvation, **Auricular**  
 Confession bears the Bell, and seems to me  
 Next to **Infallible Supremacy**.  
 It wears a holy **Vail**, but underneath  
 Is Shame and Slavery far worse than Death.  
 The Priest may tyrannize without Controul,  
 That knows the guilty secret of the Soul.  
 So when the Gentle Sex Confession makes  
 That they have often sinn'd upon their Backs,  
 How easily the Priest comes in for snacks,  
 And shrieves the pretty Penitent *Allamode*,  
 No trick like a *Jure Divino* Fraud.  
 Thus are their chiefest Doctrines plain Device,  
 Pimp to their Pride, their Lust and Avarice,  
 In Holy Apostolical Disguise.  
 In short, the whole mysterious Cheat doth lye,  
 In Superstition and Idolatry.  
 Two Spurious Grasse  
 Set in the Tree of Life, Religion,  
 By whose luxurious Branches 'tis overgrown  
 To such a monstrous Disproportion;  
 That the first Planters would be quite disown  
 Religion like a modest Rural Maid,  
 No artificial Dress, no *Fucus* had,  
 But was in Native Innocency clad.

Till



Till in *Rome's* Court she ceas'd to be such,  
Thence sprang her Infamy and first Debauch;  
There laying plain simplicity aside,  
She grew to lazie Wantonness and Pride:  
Yet still some modesty confin'd her home,  
Nor rambled she beyond the Walls of *Rome*:  
Till proud of her successful Charms, she grew  
Ambitious greatest Monarchs to subdue:  
So by deceitful Arts sh' enlarg'd her Power;  
And made them Slaves that she had serv'd before:  
Then wisely some the Vassalage forsook,  
Others repin'd, as weary of the Yoke;  
She jealous left her Universal Sway  
Should lessen, and her former Fame decay;  
'Mongst others, did the Schoolmens Pen employ  
To vindicate her Truth and Honesty,  
(Schoolmen who ransack Sciences and Arts,  
To prove with pains that they are Fools of parts)  
So these her Honour justify'd in Words,  
As bully Jesuits plot to do with Swords;  
But both in vain, for 'tis concluded on,  
Their Mistress is the *Whore of Babylon*.

Shift, shift the Scene, *Alecto*, Fury, Fiend,  
Wake all thy Snakes and make this Tragick End;  
By Hellish Art raise up in dark Cabal,  
The Pope, a Jesuit, and Cardinal:  
Thy self place in the middle raving wood,  
With Poysons, Pistols, Daggers, Fire and Blood!  
Now let this Scene start into sudden fight,  
By gloomy Flashes of sulphureous Light;  
There let his Holiness's Face appear,  
Full of deep Counsel, weighty thought, and care,  
Whilst each of you in awful silence hears  
The sacred Oracle with humble Ears.  
Was it for this my ample Power was giv'n,  
For this have I the Keys of Hell and Heaven?

In vain I boast of a Supremacy,  
 And call my Chair the Universal See:  
 A little Nest of Hereticks cut off  
 From *Europe's* Earth, at all my power doth laugh:  
 Who though they kindly could decline to be }  
 A Bar to ballance Gallick Tyranny, }  
 Yet still oppose my Holy Monarchy. }  
 False Agents, heartless Traiterous, have you } *Turning*  
 So often sworn by Sacramental Vow, } *to the*  
 Or to Convert this Island, or undo? } *Issue.*  
 Was your Commission scant, did I deny  
 Plenipotentiary Villany?  
 Have not I null'd Divine and Humane Laws,  
 That without Let, you might promote the Cause?  
 Heav'n's Laws, though fix'd by an Eternal Seal,  
 Stoop and are liable to my Repeal.  
*Moses* once broke these Tables, often I,  
 Not to prevent, but fix Idolatry.  
 Thus had your large Commission no restraint,  
 Nor did you Apostolick Blessing want;  
 Nay more the blackest Crimes in you were Merit,  
 For which all others endless Flames inherit:  
 So Treasons, Murders, Perjuries, became  
 Sure Monuments of your Eternal Fame;  
 So Nature's Course was chang'd, yet nothing's done  
 T' Advance the Catholick Religion:  
 Be gone, Slave, fly, Delude with crafty Words,  
 If they prove vain, use Poyson, Fire, and Swords;  
 Make better work oft, or I swear by th' Mals,  
 And the Divinity of Holy Cross—  
 These chance unlucky Words broke all the Spell,  
 They vanisht, and *Alecto* sunk to Hell

FINIS



# NARRATIVE

OF THE

IRISH

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I do appoint Sam. Leonard Dan Major of Lon-  
don Stationers, to print this my Narra-  
tive, entitled, A Narrative of the late Popho-  
tice in Ireland, &c. and that no others  
print the same.

THO. SAMSON.

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